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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Why Hoover Is Wanted

During the discussion of the problem of the new Cabinet The Tribune, in common with others having at heart the success of the Harding Administration, has much emphasized the need of starting off right—with men as official advisers possessing the confidence of the country, both concerning their general qualities and the particular knowledge of the work assigned to them.

In this connection it has urged consideration of men of the type of Root, Wood and Hoover—each representative of a large body of public opinion and each a specialist. Now more than ever before there is need to impress this advice.

The President-elect is naturally approached by many self-seekers. It is, of course, not easy for him to preserve his sense of proportion in an artificial atmosphere. Every true friend of Senator Harding therefore should neglect no opportunity to exhort him to disregard all petty appeals and to cling firmly to the big idea that he eloquently expressed the morning after his triumphant election.

Particularly fortunate will the new President be if Mr. Hoover's name appears in the Cabinet list—in the place of Secretary of Commerce, for which his qualifications are obvious. The Department of Commerce so far has been a disappointment to the country. It has not done, speaking broadly, the full work expected of it. Its activities have been largely routine. It has contributed little to the great business of putting America where it belongs in the economic world.

Mr. Hoover, properly supported, should be able to do much toward making the Department of Commerce a vital agency. He is internationally-minded as few Americans are. He has prestige abroad. He has knowledge of the world's resources and of the fields for future development. Moreover, he understands the great principle of quantity production and modern organization of business, on the application of which America's future prosperity greatly depends. His knowledge of foreign credits and shipping would be invaluable. If he should accept the post the troublesome problem of our merchant marine might well be turned over to his department. It will be agreed, we think, that Mr. Hoover is the best man we have to be general superintendent of the country's foreign trade relations.

Mr. Hoover is objected to by groups of professional politicians because he has not worked his way up in their business and does not talk their language. This is one of the reasons why he should be Secretary of Commerce. A conventional American politician can't do the work. The mental habits of such a one disqualify him. He cannot well escape from the limitations that are the result of the career he has followed. What the country needs is one to whom the world is familiar and who has understanding of the psychologies of foreign peoples. The objections to Mr. Hoover are thus trivial and irrelevant. They do not bear on the question of what the country wants him for.

Senator Harding properly enough has been patient toward many counsellors. But at last he must judge for himself, and his common sense will instruct him that it is wise to forget most of the insinuating advice poured into his ear at Marion and to remember that he will not serve himself well if when offered the best he permitted himself to be cajoled into taking up with the second best.

Our Beaming Mayor

These are dark and gloomy days around the old ash dump of the Terra Cotta Contract and Country Club, where the last embers of hope have faded out. No outsider is permitted to enter those sacred precincts. But the solemn scene is easy to conceive. Mr. Enright is as cross as a wet hen in public and his private efforts at hilarity must be tragic. Mr. Hettrick—author of the famous saying, "I care not who is Mayor provided I can write his letters"—sits silent and letterless. Mr. Grover Whalen, back to the ash-dump, is moody and distraught. Even Mr. Brisbane has no word of sunshine.

But who is this that dances in with a smile from ear to ear and the merry banter of a heavyweight elephant? It is none other than the cause of all the gloom, His Honor the Mayor. He has just come from a side-splitting thrust at a mere reporter who wanted to know something about the civic situation and to whom Mr. Hylan promptly retorted "You need a shave." The terra-cotta rocks with Mr. Hylan's laughter as he retells this ingenious repartee. Unfortunately there is no response. Mr. Hettrick looks around for a loose piece of terra-cotta as if he wanted to shy it at somebody. Mr. Brisbane only blinks. Nobody even looks up.

It must be wonderful to have a beaming disposition like the Mayor's and crack jokes, worse and worse jokes, however dark the night. Casabianca was a piker by comparison. His Honor not only stands by the doomed ship but actually dances a hornpipe, such as it is, amid the flames. But what of the fellow clubmates who must listen in silence! And what of an afflicted city that cannot escape reading what are undoubtedly the saddest jests ever perpetrated in public!

Army Policy Now and Later

The Senate wisely reconsidered its vote to discontinue recruiting until the army reaches a strength of 150,000 men, and both houses have now passed the resolution fixing the recruited limit—as distinct from the legally authorized limit—at 175,000. Under the reorganization act passed last year we are to have eventually a standing army of 280,000. The condition of the Treasury is a sufficient argument against enlisting up to the maximum just now.

Irritation at Secretary Baker's maladroit stimulation of recruiting, which has already created a deficit of $40,000,000 for 1920-'21, provoked the Senate last week into cutting too deep into the projected organization by divisional departments. It was a gesture of rebuke, fully justified by Mr. Baker's willfulness and extravagance. But 150,000 men is an awkward minimum if the building up of the new regular establishment is to proceed. It does not furnish enough infantry for the localized divisions and it over-skeletonizes the other service. A better distribution can be effected with 175,000 men for the limit. The real question at present is not one of numbers, for our military situation is secure. It is one of rebuilding the army and adapting it to future needs.

Millions of dollars can therefore be saved in army pay and other costs for the next few years without disadvantage to the army, if there is competent direction in the War Department. Mr. Baker's post-war policy has been obstructive; it has aimed, for political reasons, at mere expansion. In the next Administration construction must replace window-dressing and indulgence in expenditure for its own sake.

The Secretary of War in Mr. Harding's Cabinet will need in an especial degree experienced and personal familiarity with army problems. He will have a great deal to do in shaping our permanent military policy, which must look to preparedness on a much broader base than heretofore. A large standing army will not be required if it is to act as a training school for short term recruits, receiving intensive instruction and then going back to civilian life. The relations between the permanent element and the transient element can be best determined by a man who has studied them at first hand and has the breadth of view of a civilian as well as the technical competence of a soldier. An army officer uniting these qualifications would be an ideal Secretary. Under him no such obstacles would be encountered as have kept army reorganization almost at a standstill since the armistice was signed.

Very Thin Whitewash

The whitewash which Mr. Meier Steinbrink—appointed by Mr. Hylan to investigate Mr. Hylan's administration—has splashed over the forms of Mr. Grover Whalen and former Street Cleaning Commissioner MacStay is not likely to give anybody much satisfaction.

It is conceded that the courthouse site, for which the taxpayers had paid good money, was filled up with ashes by permission of Mr. MacStay—and that one of the dumping companies benefiting thereby was that in which Mr. Grover Whalen had terminated his partnership by word of mouth. Yet what does Mr. Steinbrink do?

He slaps Mr. MacStay on the wrist by calling his order "a grave error of judgment," and he states quite openly that Mr. Whalen's account of his retirement from his dumping firm sounded "incredible." But does he suggest that anything be done about this juxtaposition of "an error of judgment" and an "incredible" explanation? Not a thing. Probably not a cent can be recovered by lawsuits, he declares. Besides, see how small is the sum which could be recovered from Mr. Whalen's former firm in any event—only $6,694, he says. What's a few dollars like that? one might infer to be the amiable hint to taxpayers.

Mr. MacStay shortly after the episode came to light resigned his office. But the taxpayers are still paying him a salary, for Mr. Hylan at once appointed him Deputy Commissioner of Public Welfare. Mr. Grover Whalen is still Commissioner of the Department of Plant and Structures.

Here surely is interesting matter for a legislative inquiry that would not come armed with a pail of whitewash and that would be willing to dig clear to the bottom of the MacStay-Whalen ash pile, if necessary, in order to find what lies beneath.

Holland's Tainted Guests

Reports that the Dutch government has wearied of the ungracious task of sheltering the ex-Kaiser and his son from prosecution as war criminals are not surprising. The Hague Cabinet may well wonder at its own credulity in assuming that the two Hohenzollerns would not abuse the right of asylum granted them. Both these exiles had already shown an utter inappreciation of the obligations of international law or even of the rules of war as established by international conventions and usage. Both pretended to be soldiers, but neither ever had the slightest comprehension of the code which is supposed to govern the conduct of "a soldier and a gentleman." To suppose that they would repay the great service which the Dutch people did for them by accepting the restrictions of internment and abstaining from plotting to overthrow governments on friendly terms with Holland was to credit them with wholly imaginary personal virtues.

The deposed Hohenzollerns have shocked even the subservient loyalists in Germany by their eagerness to save the last scrap of property which had come into their hands—even to realize for their private use on property really belonging to the Prussian state. They are eaten up with a selfishness which is as callous as it is unheroic. Why should they recognize any duty to a mistakenly indulgent foreign government when they recognize none whatever to their unfortunate former subjects?

Holland took to her bosom two fugitives from justice whose natural instinct was to repay favors with ingratitude. In so doing she defied the twenty-eight powers which signed the Treaty of Versailles. That treaty arraigned William II "for a supreme offense against the sanctity of treaties." It created a court to try him for that offense and called on Holland to surrender him. The Dutch government invited the risk of economic blockade, even of war, in resisting that demand. The least it could expect in return was a scrupulous observance of his refugee status on the part of her tainted guest. But that was not in him or in his son.

If Holland now turns these two ingrates loose they may, after all, face the accounting which the Versailles treaty contemplated. After Holland's experience no other neutral will be likely to shelter them from the judgment which the Allied governments have too long postponed.

Maturing

If, as now is apparently planned, Senator Harding, under the authority conferred on the President in 1916, summons an international conference to meet in Washington, it is probable that the gathering will do more than to consider a scheme for the limitation of armaments.

It may be guessed that it will also consider a new codification of international law, the creation of a world court and the elimination or safeguarding of Article X so that neither this country, nor any other, for that matter, will be under obligation to defend every national frontier, and thus to take part in every war.

It may also be surmised that the gathering will not stickle over names—will not insist on calling the new international organization an association rather than a league, and that in the repaired league there will be more emphasis on the Assembly and less on the Council than under the Wilson plan.

Since election, both at home and abroad, a maturing of ideas has occurred, and what is likely to be the final outcome of the league discussion begins to emerge.

But that the British Ambassador is returning home to discuss with his home government the Harding peace project is doubtful. It is hardly yet definite enough for this. It is more probable that he took ship to get fuller instructions as to the policy to be pursued toward the approaches of the Canadian and Australian governments with respect to the Japanese emigration problem, as to which the two British dominions and the United States have a common interest.

Highbrows and Intellectuals

Simeon Strunsky, in Vanity Fair, pursues to some purpose the baffling mystery of what is an intelligentsium or self-called intellectual. He finds that the intellectual is not a highbrow, although there is a relationship—as if sired by a highbrow out of the savage woman the young man in Locksley Hall thought in one mood he would mate with. The highbrow, remarks Mr. Strunsky, is serene as well as high. He is contemplative and static. The intellectual is passionate and dynamic. To mere intellection he adds the spirit of revolt. He is not of the true type unless he is revolutionary. When reason and emotion issue contrary mandates he obeys emotion, instinct, intuition, and goes war-whooping about to get what he wants when he wants it. His reverence for reason or scientific ascertainment of facts is only pretended. He merely uses, like the Philistines of old, the holy symbols of the Israelites to serve his own gods with.

But the intellectual is not always of pure quality—that is to say, in some moods he reverts. As Mr. Strunsky notes, Bertrand Russell was an intellectual when he went into Russia but a non-intellectual when he came out. Amy Lowell as a free verse writer is an intellectual, but Amy Lowell penning accepted meters is a familiar Boston highbrow. It might be added that when Max Eastman is discoursing about something he knows about, such as poetry, he is non-intellectual, and becomes revolutionary only when addressing himself to themes on which he is non-expert.

As the perfect flower of the intellectual Mr. Strunsky mentions H. G. Wells, on the ground that his books are not only the perfect expression of revolt, but because each of his books may be said to be a revolt against the preceding book. This preference for Wells is hardly fair to Shaw. At times Mr. Wells has been accurate, pragmatically so; whereas Mr. Shaw is always controlled by his instinct for perversity and is sure he is wrong when any considerable number agree with him.

General Wood

His Statesmanlike Qualities Urged Upon Mr. Harding

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I hope that President-elect Harding has seen your editorials of the 8th, 10th and 16th inst. in regard to the appointment of General Leonard Wood to the Cabinet and as to the construction of the Cabinet. The press of the country and the people who favor General Wood for the position should make that fact known publicly, as was done up to election time, when hundreds of thousands of voters went to the polls with the belief that he and men of his caliber would be selected, not on their political affiliations but because of their eminent fitness for the position, both in an advisory and executive capacity, and had faith in Mr. Harding that he would make such a selection.

These voters naturally feel a deep interest in this matter, because of the outcome of the policy of the new Administration in causing a normal condition in public affairs of this country and an assurance of the Republican party remaining in power. We have been waiting to hear if General Wood would be called to Marion for consultation about army matters and reconstruction policies, but so far his name has not appeared in the news from Marion for consultation or as a Cabinet possibility. The New York Evening Post of June 15, 1920, said: "Wood ends the campaign a gallant, likable figure to millions of his fellow citizens, and by any standard you choose one of the big men of his generation." The Tribune of June 14, 1920, said, in regard to Leonard Wood: "A big man, about the biggest the country possesses, has no need, though standing among the rejected, to trouble himself with respect to the esteem in which he is held by his fellow Americans." And these opinions seem to be the universal sentiment of the country.

When ex-President Taft said to the next President, "Mr. Harding, how are you getting along with your selection of a Cabinet?" he could have added: "I will relieve your mind as to one appointment, and that is make Leonard Wood Secretary of War. I know all about his wonderful constructive and statesmanlike work in Cuba. I was associated with him in the Philippines, he was under me when I was Secretary of War and President, and I have never found him wanting in any work he has been called to perform or has undertaken to do."

If Theodore Roosevelt were alive he would undoubtedly testify even more strongly as to General Wood's fitness and capabilities to fill a position in the Cabinet of the new Administration because of his personal and intimate relations with this great soldier, eminent physician and noted statesman.

The man of our choice is an eminent specialist on all matters pertaining to the War Department, even to its medical branch; a technical adviser in every sense of the word, and a wise counsellor, suited to the task of advising and recommending to the President and Congress, relative to all matters pertaining to his particular department, as well as to the general policy of the government.

FREDERIC A. GRANT.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1921.

Real Light on City Affairs

(From The New York Evening Post)

Mayor Hylan and Commissioner Enright doing penance before Mr. Whitman for those rash letters in which they refused to assist his investigation are a sight for tired eyes. But much more pleasing than this episode is the accumulating evidence that Mr. Whitman will make a searching inquiry of the questions he is now engaged on. Already he has brought his first indictment before the additional grand jury—the indictment of a police commander in the old "Tenderloin" precinct, accused of taking a bribe. We may look for rapid and interesting developments.

An effective investigation by Mr. Whitman can supplement a legislative investigation; it cannot take its place. Conducted in the name of the District Attorney, the Whitman inquiry must concern itself exclusively with infractions of the law. A legislative inquiry can have a much broader purpose. It can lay bare the flagrant inefficiency of the Hylan administration as a whole. Before this week ends the Legislature should have taken the first steps toward a prompt, relentless and constructive examination of city affairs.

The Conning Tower

"THEN I DIPPED INTO THE FUTURE"

When I sit on the side of my bed,
And watch them build the new Ritz-Carlton,
Which is now fifteen floors of steel and wooden cubes,
I say, "Now, that is fine,
Because that good trades union man
Is putting in a board to-day,
Which two years from to-day
Will be all that will protect some other man
From the eyes of his neighbor,
And there is an inevitable future meeting
Between the other man and the board."

Then I say, "What makes you so sure?"
And I say back, "Because two years from now
I will go to the Ritz-Carlton and
Look at the register, and he will be there.
I will know his name for the first time,
But I will have known for two years
That he existed,
And that because he was there then
He had spent these two years coming,
Whether he knew it or not,
To tie his tie in peace behind that board."

So I fill my hands with the
Tail feathers of the future.

But then I have to say, "How about it
If the Ritz-Carlton is a bust
And the register has nothing
On it but the names of the clerks' families
Who all live at home?
Then where will I be?
Well, I will be just where I was
Before I started this piece;
But it will be tough
On those poor union men
Who are putting up boards in all this wind."

RUTH HALE.

In Prexy Lowell's annual report he asks why high marks in college courses are so poorly rated by the world in general. They are rated poorly in the United States of America because proficiency in any branch of study is considered, by a majority of us, as something unworthy of red-blooded Americanism. It is like a taste for music or pictures or poetry. Anybody admittedly interested in such things is rated effeminate. . . . The man who has been expelled from college, for inability to keep up his studies, is more commended than the Phi Beta Kappa man. And yet, somehow, our bets, for success—all varieties of it—are with the Phi Beta Kappas.

Entertainment on Long Island

[From The Forest Hills Gardens Bulletin]

Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Waddell, Groton Street, are entertaining Dr. Waddell's mother, Mrs. J. M. Waddell, of Greenfield, Ohio. On Monday afternoon she fell and injured her foot and fractured her arm.

We shall look eagerly at to-day's Washington papers to discover whether they will print the news that Mrs. Harding is buying her White House wardrobe in New York. If they do, it will prove again to us that the press is free from the control of advertisers. Also we shall look at The Marion Star. If we were its editorial writer, we'd assail the boss's wife for buying her stuff in non-Marion stores. "Do the New York shops pay Marion's taxes?" we'd begin. "Does New York pave our streets?"

But things being as they are, we welcome Mrs. Harding to our busy midst, and commend to her the shops advertising in this newspaper.

Bust of Jenny Lind given to N. Y. Zoological Society.—Tribune.

Daulias luscinia Scandinaviensis, or the Swedish Nightingale.

HICK! HICK! HOORAY!

Sir: If business has gone where the story-tellers would have us believe, the Steele & Torrance Company, hardware dealers, Batavia, N. Y., are right behind it. In The Batavia News of January 15 the S. & T. advertisement says: "We shall consistently follow the market downward." And then, too, if you have read thus far you might be i. to k., the up-stately revered Democrat and Chronicle of Rochester u. d. of January 17, p. to r.: "The scandal, the earliest and simplest shoe, was known by the most primitive races." Some sort of racy kick, one might aver, if one knew how. And, oh, yes, Mr. A., you might be g. to k. the black walnut, oval-faced table with the tidy on it, you know the one in the east room, in our Main Street living room, has banished The Saturday Evening Post, The National Geographic, and The American. The table will sit only seven, so they can't see over one 'nother's shoulders too expensively, and isn't strong in the legs, yet it has been able to stand since Christmas under the combined weight of Moon-Calf, The Age of Innocence, and Main Street. And we're just about as much gosh-darned, small-town, upstate stuff as we ever were, which is g. a.

LARRY.

If Mr. Sinclair Lewis wants to write another small-town book, we hope he will concern himself with the country hotel. A possible title would be "The Commercial House," or "Free Bus to the Commercial House."

They are going to present "Robin Hood" in Syracuse, which will give residents, take it from The Post-Standard, "opportunity to enjoy one of the oldest and best of Gilbert and Sullivan operas."

The Standing Army

Sir: There is no other city wherein it happens. True, other towns than New York exhibit the sessile male in the streetcar filled with standing women. But the particular refinement of this boorishness that dissuades a woman from taking immediately a seat vacated by one leaving the conveyance—that's New York's

Study the lamentable maneuver. Note the lady's deprecatory glances at standing men who experience has taught her are but too likely to hurl themselves before her. Positively she seeks permission to sit! She who should by title subside unobstructed will crave with her eyes indulgence and thank a man, ten feet away, for not contesting the niche physically with her. Obviously, she has known collisions——

In New York it's *Quot homines quot homines*, alright.

S. K. WILSON.

Secretary Baker, referred to by a large part of the nation as a pacifist, didn't want army recruiting to stop; but the army, we militarists think, is large enough. It's a curious world the Sec. lives in.

Our janitor has been influenced, we believe, by these Chesterton lecture-titles. Yesterday he gave a demonstration on "The Frigidity of Steam Heat."

"If the flexible fare strikes the subway," thinks T. F. M., "the 8:02 express from Seventy-second Street possibly will be called the Flexible Flyer."

About to frivol away the radium minutes on a last line, we thriftily thought again of Benjamin Franklin. What said the sage?

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

F. P. A.

THE PRICE OF ONE SUCH MEAL WOULD FEED A EUROPEAN ORPHAN SIX MONTHS

Books

By Heywood Broun

The best approach to psycho-analysis for the casual reader is contained in The Secret Springs, by Harvey O'Higgins, which is a description of the theories and methods of Dr. Edward Hiram Reede, of Washington. It is a fascinating book and loses nothing in truth or effectiveness from the fact that it seems almost to be a collection of short stories. Our only objection is that they are too short. It seems to us that there should be a rather more detailed explanation of Dr. Reede's method. The identification of the particular complex which afflicts each patient is rather too easy in the quick, concise, boiled down narrations of O'Higgins. It also seems to us that O'Higgins has thrown just a little too much sweetness with his light. The book might almost be called A Jung Man's Fancy if somebody else hadn't used that some place.

However, it is a convincing book. Some may remain cold to it. To them we suggest that they take any one of the popular books on nerves and nervous disorders written by the old-fashioned neurologists. The psycho-analysts have at least a definite plan and a working theory. Of course, there are still defects in both their practice and theory, and disputes, too, for that matter, but there is a scheme and an intent. Everything outside the field seems perfectly aimless to us. Here on the desk, for instance, is a new book entitled Nerves and the Man, by W. Charles Loosmore. In it we find such scraps of advice for patients as: "Don't run into temptation. When exposed, face it in confidence and self-respect," and "Don't be the servant of your impulses. Make them serve you," and also, "Don't take thought for the morrow; don't be fearful about it. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

All this reminds us very much of the method which our good friend Dr. Blank had with nervous patients. He once took us through an army hospital in France and as we entered one ward a nurse said: "Joe, that melancholy one tried to kill himself this morning. He got hold of a safety razor blade somehow and cut his wrist. We got him in time, but he seems pretty low in his mind. I wish you could do something for him."

"Certainly," said Dr. Blank, and as we passed through the ward he paused just a moment at the foot of the melancholy man's bed. Then he reached down and patted the blanket. "Cheer up, Joe," he said, and we went on our way.

"It is scarcely ever necessary to encourage this instinct of self-abasement in a child," writes Harvey O'Higgins, quoting Dr. Reede, "and I should say that the average child never needs physical punishment. The loss of the mother's love is enough to threaten. Any child will tell you that it dreads the mother's anger more than blows. By appealing to its instinct of affection any parent can deflect a child's self-assertiveness into acceptable channels and stabilize it there by rewarding all efforts to win approval. In later years the mother's approval will be replaced by self-approval, society's approval, the approval of the herd. The instinct of self-assertion will have been successfully 'sublimated,' and the child will become a useful and happy citizen, public spirited and publicly approved."

That's all right about the average child never needing physical punishment. We quite agree, but if the statement comes by any chance to the attention of H. 3d, we want him to know that we aren't absolutely pledged to the policy.

"I would like to contradict the rumor," writes Floyd Dell, "that my novel, Moon-Calf, is to be extended into a triology like Beresford's Jacob Stahl; also the rumors that it is going to consist of four volumes, like Nexo's Pelle the Conqueror, of five or six (I have lost count) like Dorothy Richardson's Pilgrimage, or of ten like Rolland's Jean-Christophe; and also, and finally, the rumor that it is going to go on forever. The sequel to Moon-Calf, which is to be called The Briary Bush, is getting along toward completion, and will appear next fall; and with that volume the history of Felix Fay is finished and done with, so far as I am concerned. Its successor will be the story of a modern young woman. Thank you!"

We never care much for children in plays because they say so many bright things in the course of a single act. This is to distort the whole fun of being with children, which consists in watchfully waiting through weeks of "How does the bear go?" or "What does the table do?" until suddenly, almost as if by inspiration, out comes a gleam of fantastic humor or of profound philosophy. Hunting white elephants in India or needles in haystacks doesn't begin to be half so exciting.

What Was Ireland Doing?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I see by this morning's paper a statement by Miss Anna MacSwiney at last night's meeting in Madison Square Garden. She said: "It is with the money you paid for Liberty bonds that England is strangling liberty in Ireland." "Make her pay now, and she will have to withdraw her invading armies."

What right has Miss Anna MacSwiney or any one to come over here to tell us what to do with our money? When we were subscribing for those bonds and sending the flower of our manhood overseas to aid the cause of liberty, what was Ireland doing? (Thank God, not *all* the Irish.) Encouraging the Huns and helping with arms, ammunitions and men to down liberty; selling her island to Germany, forgetting what that same country would do to the island when she got possession of it, as she aimed to do.

It is high time for this United States government to call a halt on this Irish propaganda as we did on Hun propaganda.

I am an Irish woman, born on the sod, but I want to see every relative of mine well out of that island before the majority Irish rule there. Talk about Kilkenny cats! Phew! M. A. S.

Great Kills, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1921.

Celestial Calm

(From The London Morning Post)

The aerial post between Peking and Shanghai, just authorized by the Chinese Cabinet, may astonish the natives—but there is a doubt. General Sykes tells of a certain mandarin of Peking to whom an English officer proudly pointed out an aeroplane flying over the city. "Don't you think that's wonderful?" he asked. "Well," said the Chinaman calmly, after a glance at the machine, "the thing is meant to do that, isn't it?"

A Roosevelt Postcard

With the Suggestion That an Artistic Design Be Attempted

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There has been considerable discussion in the columns of The Tribune as to what coin on which the face of Roosevelt should appear.

The writer would suggest that it should be printed on our postcard, and in this connection it is to be hoped that the new Postmaster General under the incoming President-to-be will improve the appearance of our postcards.

During the course of a year many private postcards pass through my office, some of them, in comparison with those the government issues, being really works of art.

If my information is correct, the Postmaster General can command the services of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington for any design or improvement that he may suggest. Even a simple column rule around the face of the present card would be an improvement. The initial cost of any design would be trifling, while the cost of the printing would not be enhanced at all. RYERSON W. JENNINGS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1921.

In Aid of Baby Talk

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A crusade against baby talk! What next? A crusade against motes in the sunshine, against dancing shadows, against dimples. The old lady who nags a little child for not talking like a man should bid him walk like a man in the same breath. This reminds one of the protest, some time ago, against dolls.

Dr. Johnson disliked baby talk as heartily as he liked his twenty cups of tea. One hot, dusty day his heart moved him to give a peasant woman and her heavy baby a lift in his comfortable carriage. But when the delighted mother told the cooing infant that "Tootsie" was having "a ridy-pidy in the coachy-poachy, to see the wheely-pealy go roundy-poundy," the lexicographer dumped his fare and proceeded in solitary state.

In a recent pleasant story book a little fellow in a toy shop wants a "booful yabbit" for his sister's "birfday"—but with every slip of the kind his nurse corrects Teddy austerely for talking "baby talk."

I knew a little boy who always said: "Do yidin in the team tar." But he outstripped in correct speech another child of the same age who rarely made a mistake, and now he of the baby talk pleads at the bar with elegance and eloquence.

Dr. John Fiske writes that the slow, natural development of human offspring is the greatest contrast to the quick unfolding of the animal young, and that the patient care of the child is the pledge of civilization.

GLAD MOTHER GOOSE.

New York, Jan. 15, 1921.

A Very Full House

(From The Manchester Guardian)

In an address before a British medical organization Lady Balfour of Burleigh once told of a case where a man, having been presented on three consecutive occasions with twins, gave much consideration to the selection of appropriate names for them. Very ingeniously he called the first pair—both girls—Kate and Duplicate. The next pair were boys, who were duly labeled Peter and Repeater. And the third pair—also boys—were named Max and Climax.